

# NEW YORK HERALD.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.  
PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR.

OFFICE: N. W. CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STS.

THE DAILY HERALD, 2 cents per copy—50 per week.

THE WEEKLY HERALD, published Saturday, at \$5 per annum in advance, or \$6 per annum in arrears. Single copies, 10 cents. The paper is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sent by mail to subscribers at the rate of \$5 per annum in advance, or \$6 per annum in arrears. The paper is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sent by mail to subscribers at the rate of \$5 per annum in advance, or \$6 per annum in arrears. The paper is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is sent by mail to subscribers at the rate of \$5 per annum in advance, or \$6 per annum in arrears.

Volume XVII, No. 30.

AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

BOVEY THEATRE, Bovey—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway—Paul Clifford—Mordecai Waterman.

Underwood, (whig.) to be false. Members rose to their feet, and amid the bustle and confusion, Mr. Bradley, the Speaker pro tem., called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to preserve order. This caused a partial subsidence of the angry feeling, and business was proceeded with; but eventually Mike Walsh, introduced a resolution inquiring why the Sergeant-at-Arms obeyed the orders of a temporary chairman, which he had no business to do, and at the same time neglected his legitimate duties—thereby interfering with the rights of members. This but added fuel, and a very angry discussion ensued between the whigs and the democrats. The resolution having been voted down, the Sergeant-at-Arms reported that he was able and willing, and would always instantly attend to his duties, did not the members themselves interfere with and incommodate each other, by inviting more personal friends upon the floor of the House than there were chairs for them to sit upon. A resolution was now proposed that the clerk be instructed to procure an additional quantity of chairs. And thus ended the dispute and the day's session. How undignified this continual turmoil in the Assembly chamber! Members seem to have taken lessons in parliamentary tactics from some of our representatives in Congress, and are now disposed to take the lead of their tutors in all that is violent and unbecoming in wise legislation.

We learn from Albany, that there is a majority of twenty-four in the Assembly, and six in the Senate, in favor of the passage of a temperance law more stringent than the law of the State of Maine, by which the sale of spirituous liquors is absolutely prohibited. We further learn that Edward C. Delavan and other temperance men, on "the moral suasion" principle, are entirely opposed to the passage of the proposed law; as they regard such forcible action as calculated to retard the temperance cause. The shutting up of the five thousand grog shops in this city cannot fail to lead to an intense excitement, far exceeding that created by the advent of Kosuth, and Louis Montes, and the feeling produced by the Forest trial.

A large number of the inhabitants of New Hampshire, assembled in State Convention, at Concord, have passed a resolution declaring that they will not vote for any man, for any office whatever, who is not known to be opposed to the sale of intoxicating drinks. Petitions, signed by one hundred and fifteen thousand persons, were presented to the New York Assembly, yesterday, praying for the suppression of tippling houses. On the other side of the question, we observe that the House of Representatives of Rhode Island, yesterday rejected the Maine law.

A portion of a very interesting communication concerning Kosuth and his cause, by Bishop O'Connor, of the Roman Catholic church, at Pittsburgh, will be found in another column. It will be observed that the Bishop approves, in part, of the ideas and principles advanced by the Magyar, with regard to the Catholics, but takes exceptions to the conduct of the socialists in France and elsewhere, which appears to have been encouraged by interviews and otherwise by the great Hungarian. Upon the whole, Bishop O'Connor's views appear to be totally at variance with those of Archbishop Hughes, in many essential particulars. Kosuth's speech to the Pittsburgh clergy is also given in today's paper.

The members of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, at Boston, got into an almost inextinguishable snarl among themselves yesterday. After Garrison and Wendell Phillips had abused Kosuth to their hearts' content, the police were called upon to keep Abby Folsom out of the hall, on account of her extraordinary garrulity. This created a grand row—it was considered a malicious blow at "woman's rights," and, as such, fugitive slaves and the champions of feminine freedom were called upon to arm and defend Abby while they had life.

Judge Conklin yesterday decided that the rescuers of the fugitive slave Jerry, at Syracuse, must have a hearing before Judge Nelson, in the Circuit Court, at Canandaigua, in June next. Judge C. gave no opinion as to the validity of the indictments, but let the whole matter open for future argument.

Our advices from Mexico, no later than published under the telegraphic head the other day, are more in detail, and rather contradict the telegraphic accounts. They are, however, of no consequence. A despatch from New Orleans states that, according to the latest private letters, Caravajal was hourly expected to make another attack on Matamoros.

We have received the St. Thomas Tidings to the 7th inst., inclusive. It is meagre enough of news; there is nothing in it to extract.

Our readers will find in another column, accounts of the execution yesterday of two unfortunate men for the crime of murder, and the respite of a third. Lawrence Rieley was hung at the Brooklyn jail, for causing the death of his wife's mother, in Williamsburg, on the 26th day of last June. 't was he, we are told, who killed his wife at the same time, and dangerously wounded a third person. The horrid transaction was the effects of jealousy.

Rieley appeared perfectly resigned to his fate, and would not permit his friends to apply for a respite or pardon, and seemed really anxious for the arrival of the awful moment in which he was to part with this world for ever. Within half an hour after Rieley had ceased to breathe, Hiram Knickerbocker was hung at Buffalo for the murder of Mr. Barker. The condemned man protested to the last that he was innocent of an intention to kill Mr. H., and fervently prayed for the mercy of Him who rules all things. Otto Grunzig, who was also to have been executed in this city, on a charge of fatally poisoning his wife, was granted a respite of four weeks, by the Governor, in consequence of a confession made by the mistress of the condemned, that it was her who administered the poison. This is a most singular case. The prisoner has all along denied his guilt, and expressed the firm belief that he would not be hung—that the Lord had always been kind to him, and would not desert him now.

The Humboldt and Niagara are due from Europe. The former is in her seventeenth, and the latter in her fourteenth day. They will bring one week's later news from the other side of the Atlantic.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN NEW YORK.—We are informed, somewhat to our surprise, that the French population, and French society, in this city and its vicinity, are favorable to the recent changes in France, and accept Louis Napoleon's dictatorship as the best thing that could have happened in their native country, in the predicament in which she was placed.

One singular evidence of the approval of the coup d'etat, by the French residents in this metropolis, is the fact that the *Courrier des Etats Unis* has greatly diminished in circulation within the last few weeks, in consequence of its opposition to the dictator. At first, we supposed that this course would have been popular with them; but we now learn that the paper is rapidly sinking, in consequence of its republican principles, in this republican country. In such a dilemma, would it not be a good thing to help the only French republican journal existing at present on earth? In France there is no such thing as an organ of republicanism. Louis Napoleon has quenched their light. The one in New York is the only one that remains, and that, too, would soon be snuffed out, if its arm were long enough to reach it. The prompt exercise of American sympathy is, therefore, called for in this extremity; and if assistance be not speedily rendered, the last of French republican journals will soon die from inanition.

We shall probably have to mourn its fate, as the last one that shall ever appear in the world—as the last of the cooked hats among the democratic French journals. Here is a very proper case for the consideration of the Revolutionary Committee.

Considerable sensation was produced in the State Assembly yesterday, in consequence of an alleged false newspaper report of the proceedings. In the course of the excitement, Mr. Hatch, (dem.) of the aggrieved party, pronounced an assertion of Mr.

## The Presidential Question.

Both parties—or rather all parties—are up to their very eyes in the dirty work of the Presidential campaign. The recovery from the disorder, the wreck and confusion of a hard fought, bloody, crushing, and ferocious battle, especially a drawn battle, is always begun in the midst of disorder, wreck, and confusion, among the shattered masses of broken squadrons, killed and wounded, dismantled artillery, and dead horses. Such is the work of recovery from the hot, protracted, fierce, and terrible fight of 1853 upon the slavery question.

Since the arrival of the Hon. W. H. Seward in this city, from Washington, a few days ago, the whig journals in this quarter are beginning to discuss the important subject of reorganization, of the campaign of '52, and its heavy sweepstakes of fifty millions a year, for four years, and all the rich pickings and stealings, jobs and contracts for that length of time, growing out of the immense operations of this mighty republic. Seward has been noting about among the politicians of Washington; he has made some small discoveries, and has, doubtless, come on to lay his plans accordingly. His special organs, in due season, will enlighten us upon the subject; but in the meantime, the difficulties of the administration, between the rival pretensions of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Webster, are causing considerable trouble and tribulation to the Wall street organ of the Secretary of State. Until within a few days, it was understood that Mr. Fillmore was out of the way, and that Mr. Webster was the candidate of the cabinet, and of the President himself. Mr. Webster was thus placed in a respectable attitude before the country, and the *Courier* rejoiced in the position of the leading organ in Wall street, of the great Exponent. But there is a change. The cabinet, it appears, have induced the President to stand his hand. He is a candidate, and the Secretary of State is thus officially ruled off the track. The Wall street organ is, of course, bitterly disappointed at this change of the wind. It is a bad business, and the consequence is a flaming manifesto against President Fillmore, admonishing him of the one term principle, and warning him of the melancholy fate of John Tyler. The pious indignation of the *Courier* at the prospect of the President using the custom house and post office patronage to secure his own nomination, is well put in these corrupting influences are only second to those of the old United States Bank. Therefore, it is declared that if Mr. Fillmore should even secure the whig nomination, the people will repudiate it—the whig people. It would break up the whig party; "while, on the contrary, the nomination of General Scott, Governor Crittenden, Governor Hunt, or a dozen others we could name, would not necessarily" do it. So says the Wall street organ of Mr. Webster; and, furthermore, "that the nomination of any one of these gentlemen, except Mr. Webster, would be very generally deemed unwise and inexpedient." But what is the fact? Can any man, with two eyes in his head, or one eye, or even half an eye, pretend that there is the slightest possible chance for Mr. Webster in any quarter of the Union except the city of Boston? This Wall street manifesto is, then, a mere bit of political clapnet and humbug, or else Mr. Webb has set himself up as sufficiently strong to dictate, not only the course of the whig party, but the public sentiment of the whole country.

It is manifest that Mr. Webster has no shadow of a chance for New York—it is evident that President Fillmore would be swamped by the Seward party, if nominated against their consent—it is equally evident that no whig candidate, except General Scott, is good for the vote of New York, and that he is good for it as matters now stand between the two great parties. We do not pretend to say that under certain circumstances and certain principles between the two parties, the democrats cannot carry New York; but as matters now stand, Gen. Scott is the only man who may be said to be perfectly sure of the State. It is possible that the democrats might contrive to counteract his military popularity, the influence of the Seward party and the canal treaties, and the very probable influence of the temperance movement; but at this day the only candidate of either party who can feel assured of the vote of New York is Gen. Scott. This fact alone has given him the inside track over all his competitors; and the efforts of the cabinet, and of Wall street, to excite a counter-irritation, are utterly futile. Distracted and dispirited as the whig party is, and notwithstanding it has half a dozen candidates, more or less, Galphin, military, compromise, free soil, non-committal, the signs of the times are too clearly in favor of Gen. Scott as the whig candidate, North and South, in Massachusetts, and in Mississippi, in New York and in Georgia—too clearly to be mistaken. In the convention, we take it, all the rest of the aspirants will turn out to be "mere leather and prunella."

The democratic party, with regard to their candidate, are completely in the fog. It is the darkest middle and the deepest puzzle of the day. Case stands well, but he is a beaten horse. Buchanan is popular in the extreme South, but his joints are stiff with the old doctrines of federalism. Houston's popularity is limited. Douglas is young and now, and is running wild. Marcy is an old fogey, and is hampered with a patch on his breeches. Butler seems to combine the elements of military capital and political availability North and South, but he is opposed by a powerful combination. From the fact that his pretensions are generally resisted by the aspirants at Washington, he may be considered as occupying the most advantageous position for the democratic nomination.

A question of greater importance than the nomination of either party is, however, what will be the platforms of the Baltimore and of the Philadelphia Conventions? In the South we find them sticking upon principles, and very indifferent as to men. But it is remarkable that both the Union and the Southern rights party in Georgia, have taken steps to be represented in the Baltimore Convention, having abandoned all hopes of justice or of safety from the whig party of the North. Now, then, what is to be done at Baltimore? What at Philadelphia? An attempt was made at the beginning of this session of Congress, to plant the democratic party upon the platform of the compromise measures, but it was a miserable failure in the House, and the absurd resolution of Foots, to the same effect, in the Senate, will, doubtless, be laid upon the table. The question will be carried up to the Baltimore Convention, and there we expect it will be set aside, or sturred over with as little ceremony, and for the plain reason that the adoption of the compromise platform would distract instead of uniting the party. The very same reason will operate to set this test aside at the whig convention.

But there is another question which, of late, has been stirring up a prodigious sensation throughout the country. It is the question of intervention—active armed intervention—in the affairs of Europe. An immense amount of gas, humbug, and moonshine, and some considerable sums of money, have been expended upon this magnificent question, and between Kosuth and Kinkel, all minor questions have been cast into the shade. But we suspect the dose of grand *filibuster* expedition over all the continent of Europe, will be too large either for the Whig or Democratic Convention to swallow, and that, from the sound discretion of the South, they will both be compelled to give this prescription the go-by, or the slip, or the dodge, if not the cut direct.

In this event, with both parties neutral on the compromise, and neutral or hostile to Kosuth, Kinkel, and intervention, another party is likely to enter the field. A Free Soil Convention has been projected, to come off at Pittsburgh some time in the spring or ensuing summer. Let the whigs and democrats refuse to touch the compromise or this thing of intervention, and this third party

may be expected to take them up with a third ticket, and some such platform as this—

1. Termination of the Fugitive Slave law;
2. Intervention in behalf of liberty in Europe;
3. Free farms and land reform.

And such a ticket would infinitely more damage to both parties in the North than the Buffalo Van Buren platform of 1848. Things are drifting in this direction. A whig ticket, a democratic ticket, an independent free soil, free farm, land reform, and intervention ticket, and, possibly, an independent Union safety ticket, headed by Mr. Webster, and advocated by the *Courier* and *Enquirer*. Men and brethren, let us join in prayer.

Mrs. FOREST GOING ON THE STAGE.—We understand, upon very good authority, that Mrs. Forrest is going upon the stage, and that she will make her debut on Monday evening next, at one of the smallest and meanest theatres in the city—Brougham's Lyceum. She appears in the "School for Scandal," which is peculiarly appropriate, after the recent exposure we have had in the course of the protracted investigation before Judge Oakley. She is announced as Mrs. Catharine Sinclair, having dropped the name of Forrest, which she got rid of by the result of the late trial.

We understand she has determined to adopt this course, in opposition to the advice of her counsel and her most considerate friends. She has another set of friends who have surrounded her since her separation from her husband, and have generated an atmosphere in which the lives, moves, and has her being, and on the recent trial, to have filled the region of Twenty-second street. She is now, and will henceforth be, beleaguered by all those very literary and philosophical characters, male and female, who generally congregate to form the circle of distinguished artists in the theatrical profession. This is a man who has probably led her to take a step so opposed to the wishes of some of her best friends.

The friends, however, who have advised her to go upon the stage, are not without some plausible reasons for giving this advice. Mrs. Forrest, or Mrs. Catharine Sinclair, as she calls herself, is the daughter of Mr. Sinclair, a celebrated artist, well known in both worlds. In her infancy, she was surrounded by theatrical artists, and by all the manners, customs and habits of that class—in her womanhood, the same. She is only, therefore, returning to her former associations, which is a sort of second nature with her. She likes a life of excitement, and since her separation from Mr. Forrest, she has lived in a whirl that prepares and fits her for theatrical babble.

A morbid taste, it seems, has been formed, that must be gratified, else she would die before her time, of *curai* and want of occupation. Yet, it must be admitted that, in her case this seeming necessity, the new candidate for theatrical fame has friends and advisers who are entirely averse to the course she has marked out for herself. They think it is incompatible with her tranquillity, true happiness, and respectability, and may ultimately end badly.

This singular experiment will depend much on her successful debut. Now, whether she has genius for the stage is a question that still remains to be determined, but will meet with a very speedy solution. From what we have learned through private circles—from those who had an opportunity of witnessing her rehearsals—her chances of success appear to be uncertain. She has a right, however, according to the Declaration of Independence, to follow "the pursuit of happiness" in her own way, and according to the best of her own judgment. She has a right to her own opinion, and to choose her own profession, however much her friends may be averse to it. She will no doubt have a fair hearing; and all the public journals will do her ample justice, by just, fair, and impartial criticism. There will be considerable curiosity to witness her debut. Why did she not select a theatre more commensurate with her prospects and name?

MORE QUARRELS BETWEEN THE HUNGARIAN ENLIES.—KOSUTH THE HERO VERSUS JAGELLO THE HEROINE.—A very curious correspondence has taken place between Major Tothman, the spouse of Apollonia Jagello—the heroine who accompanied Ulysses, ex-Governor of Comoro, to this country—and Kosuth, the hero and ex-Governor of all Hungary, who has already filled two worlds with the fame of his speeches, and who, when the Revolutionary Committee have sold about fifty millions worth of the Hungarian bonds, will fill heaven and earth, and purgatory, with the fame of his deeds. It appears that Madame Tothman (Jagello), visited Madame Kosuth on New Year's day, and was received with such marked reserve that Major Tothman addressed a letter to Kosuth on the subject, and wanted to know whether the coldness arose from certain reports about Madame Tothman, and also whether Governor Ulysses is not an honorable and upright gentleman. Kosuth, in reply, states that the reserve of Madame Kosuth did not proceed from that cause as she was ignorant of those reports; and as to Ulysses, Kosuth endorses him to the fullest extent, as "his oldest and one of his truest friends, and pledges his word that there can be no man of a more honorable and upright character." Kosuth, however, does not express his disbelief in the charges, but leaves that matter entirely in doubt, notwithstanding the services of Jagello in Hungary, which Major Tothman recounts. Major Tothman is dissatisfied, and, in another letter, puts the following poser to Kosuth: "Would Ulysses have adopted, as a member of his family, and introduced as a political exile, one unworthy of cordial reception by Governor Kosuth?" To this Kosuth is silent; and Major Tothman publishes the correspondence, together with a very warm letter of Ulysses to his dear Apollonia, dated December 4, from Iowa.

It will be in the recollection of the reader that Major and Madame Tothman came to this city, from Washington, about the time of Kosuth's arrival, and that they sought an interview with him, which was denied. This seems strange treatment from a hero to a heroine; but at present the heroine appears to have the best of the battle, for Kosuth endorses Ulysses, and Ulysses endorses Jagello. How it will end, we must leave to time to determine.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—The state of the streets of our city is an important matter, and one which has been sadly neglected since the commencement of winter. Notwithstanding that there is an ordinance against throwing ashes, and garbage of every kind, in the streets, still, if we may judge from the quantities that are piled up opposite almost every dwelling in the city, we should be inclined to think that the Commissioner of Streets had omitted to enforce the city ordinances in this respect. The new Commissioner has, however, in an official notice, which will be found in another column, directed the captains of police, of the different wards in the city, to enforce the law relating to the cleaning of sidewalks, and to report all public lamps not lit at the proper hours, in order that the evil may be remedied. The attention of the Superintendent of Markets has been directed to the removal of all obstructions in the avenues leading to and through the markets.

The Art Union Association.

James G. Bennett, Esq.:

I am somewhat anxious to know when the distribution of the Art Union is likely to take place, or if there is any probability of such distribution at all. I have received a circular inviting me to use a friend to subscribe. I am not in the habit of laying such things for my friends. How am I to act?

With feelings of sincere regret,

A. BRONCKHOFF TO THE A. U. U.

New York, January 20, 1854.

ANSWER.—Call a meeting of subscribers; and on every five dollar ticket secure an action at law against the members, for a violation of their pledges, their constitution, and the laws of the State.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES AT THE SOUTH.—Very few temperance societies are mentioned in the *Quarterly*, and other documents since.

## TOM PAINE'S BIRTHDAY, AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

We give in our columns this morning, a full and interesting report of the celebration of Tom Paine's birthday, held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Thursday evening. The numbers and respectability of those who participated in the affair evinced the great progress which the doctrine of "the Age of Reason" have made in this community, and the increasing veneration for the greatest black-guard, socialist and sceptic of the eighteenth century. The after-supper speeches displayed the usual laudation of Tom Paine and his political and deistical doctrines—the avowal of atheistical ideas, and denunciation of the crafty and designing priests; but the feature of peculiar attraction in the proceedings, was a magnificent speech by the famous P. high lady, Madame Rose, the most active and eloquent member of the Woman's Rights Convention, at Worcester, an unyielding abolitionist, and an avowed disciple and admirer of the P. ice, Owen, and Fourierite school of philosophy. She is also a sort of Madame De Stael, in fine personal attractions. This brilliant address of this thorough going female Kosuth eclipses the oratorical glory of the great Magyar—throws Kinkel into the shade, and completely extinguishes our political aspirants and Presidential claimants. She gave right in for Kosuth's doctrine of active intervention in European affairs; counsels the disgraceful kicking out of our Senators at Washington, and demolishes at once, with her elegant tongue and burning eyes, and magnificent bosom, heaving with emotion, Webb of the *Courier*, and "John Hughes" of the Church. Her speech is transcendently grand, and will well repay perusal. When "Woman's Rights" are established on the basis laid down by the Convention, we may expect to see our obtuse legislators at Washington exulted, and their places more ably filled by their ladies, with Madame Rose as President of this then more glorious than ever republic.

The friends, however, who have advised her to go upon the stage, are not without some plausible reasons for giving this advice. Mrs. Forrest, or Mrs. Catharine Sinclair, as she calls herself, is the daughter of Mr. Sinclair, a celebrated artist, well known in both worlds. In her infancy, she was surrounded by theatrical artists, and by all the manners, customs and habits of that class—in her womanhood, the same. She is only, therefore, returning to her former associations, which is a sort of second nature with her. She likes a life of excitement, and since her separation from Mr. Forrest, she has lived in a whirl that prepares and fits her for theatrical babble.

A morbid taste, it seems, has been formed, that must be gratified, else she would die before her time, of *curai* and want of occupation. Yet, it must be admitted that, in her case this seeming necessity, the new candidate for theatrical fame has friends and advisers who are entirely averse to the course she has marked out for herself. They think it is incompatible with her tranquillity, true happiness, and respectability, and may ultimately